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Allegiances

SnowClan - Clan of the Sister Mountains' Oak Forest Valley

Leader: Fallowstar - small light brown tabby she-cat with a lithe build, soft, white underbelly, and forest green eyes

Deputy: Icestorm - muscular pure white tom, with strikingly blue eyes.

Medicine Cat: Lioneyes - large, wise ginger tom, with big paws, and startling yellow/orange eyes (Apprentice - Smallpaw)

Warriors:

Hollysnow - pale gray she cat with black patches, hazel eyes

Brambleblaze - large light brown tom with white flecks, blue eyes (Apprentice - Pinepaw)

Lilycloud- tiny white she-cat with patches of gray, amber eyes

Stoneclaw - stone gray tom with large paws and blue eyes

Maplenose - white she-cat with a cream muzzle, pale amber eyes (Apprentice - Shadepaw)

Heronwing - tall, pale gray tabby she-cat, with blue eyes

Ashtail - gray tom with darker flecks, green eyes

Cloudfire - white tom with a tuft of brown on his chest, yellow eyes (Apprentice- Emberpaw)

Willowflight - very pale gray tabby with green eyes

Silverstone - large silver tom with blue eyes

Jadeclaw - small gray tabby she-cat, jade green eyes. (Apprentice-

Scorchpaw)

Stormpelt - light gray tabby tom, amber eyes

Fawndust - beautiful light brown and white tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Ivysong - silver tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Whitewhisker - young white tom, blue eyes

Echosnow - feathery gray she-cat, blue eyes

Apprentices:

Smallpaw - tiny white and black tom, green eyes (Mentor - Lioneyes)

Scorchpaw - sandy gray tom, amber eyes (Mentor - Jadeclaw)

Emberpaw - pale gray she-cat with black patches, amber eyes (Mentor -Cloudfire)

Shadepaw - small dark gray she-cat with soft fur and green eyes (Mentor - Maplenose)

Pinepaw - black and gray tom with silver flecks, amber eyes (Mentor - Brambleblaze)

Queens/Kits:

Ferndapple - light gray queen with dark gray dapples, green eyes (Mother of Stoneclaw's Kits - Smokekit, Wolfkit (fostering Wolfkit due to death of mother, Wolftooth))

Feathershade - dark gray she-cat with soft fur and blue eyes (Mother of Brambleblaze's Kits - Oakkit, Mistykit, Sorrelkit, Dewkit)

Elders:

Russetstripe - mangy orange tom, green eyes (oldest cat in SnowClan)

Dustedrose - fluffy dark gray and tortoiseshell she-cat, blue eyes

(new elder, retired due to lack of smell)

Ebonystrike - pitch black tom, gray eyes

Mintbreeze - white she-cat with gray patches, amber eyes

AmberClan - Clan of Western River and Its Banks

Leader: Reedstar - pitch black tom, with icy blue eyes

Deputy: Hawkfeather - dark brown tabby she-cat, green eyes (Apprentice - Mosspaw)

Medicine Cat: Otterstream - orange and white she-cat with amber eyes

Warriors:

Petalmist - pale tortoiseshell she-cat with hazel eyes (Apprentice - Rockypaw)

Trouttail - silver tabby tom with piercing blue eyes

Meadowdust - very pale ginger she-cat with gray eyes

Voleheart - dusky brown tom, green eyes (Apprentice - Honeypaw)

Cherryfrost - beautiful tortoiseshell and white she-cat, blue eyes

Gorsefoot - spiky cream tom, green eyes

Rosesky - golden she-cat with hints of rose cream, blue eyes

Firclaw - pale brown tabby tom, amber eyes

Ripplefoot - silver blue tabby tom, amber eyes

Rivertail - lithe gray tabby she-cat with bright blue eyes (Apprentice

- Hollowpaw)

Dapplefur - spotted gray she-cat, amber eyes

Shellfur - cream white tom with green eyes

Sedgewillow - pale brown tabby she-cat, green eyes

Hailpelt - light gray tom with darker flecks, green eyes

Apprentices:

Mosspaw - small tortoiseshell she-cat with vibrant green eyes (Mentor - Hawkfeather)

Rockypaw - dark gray tom with blue eyes (Mentor - Petalmist)

Honeypaw - cream she-cat with soft fur, blue eyes (Mentor - Voleheart)

Hollowpaw - dark brown tabby tom, green eyes (Mentor - Rivertail)

Queens/Kits:

Heatherbreeze - light brown tabby she-cat, blue eyes (Mother of Shellfur's Kits - Crowkit, Barkkit, Mothkit)

Mistydawn -gray tabby she-cat, amber eyes (Mother of Gorsefoot's Kits - Flowerkit and Bluekit)

Morningheart - silver tabby she-cat, bright blue eyes (Expecting Reedstar's Kits)

Elders:

Patchfur - mottled gray and black tom, blue eyes

Specklenose - small, cream speckled she-cat, gray eyes

DuskClan - Clan of the Deep Pine Forest, Neighboring the Left Sister Mountain

Leader: Cedarstar - dark gray tom, green eyes

Deputy: Dawnfur - rose cream she-cat, blue eyes

Medicine Cat: Birdheart - soft furred, light gray she-cat, with darker stripes, soft amber eyes, and a pick nose

Warriors:

Swiftpelt - very pale tabby tom, gray eyes (Apprentice - Rowanpaw)

Poppyshade - small tortoiseshell and white she-cat, green eyes

Tigerstripe - pale brown tabby tom with thick chocolate striped, blue eyes

Longfoot - very pale cream tom with large paws and pale green eyes (Apprentice - Shallowpaw)

Darkclaw - very dark brown tabby tom, yellow eyes

Swallowflight - light ginger tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Brightrain - ginger and white she-cat, gray eyes

Quietmist - fluffy pale silver she-cat, blue eyes

Grayfoot - solid gray tom, yellow eyes

Squirrelstep - fiery ginger tabby she-cat, amber eyes

Duststripe - dusky brown tom, blue eyes

Brackenpelt - golden brown tom, amber eyes

Birchdawn - pale brown tabby she-cat, green eyes

Owlclaw - small, dark brown tom, green eyes

Apprentices:

Rowanpaw - dark ginger tabby tom, green eyes (Mentor - Swiftpelt)

Shallowpaw - small, silver tabby she-cat, blue eyes (Mentor - Longfoot)

Queens/Kits:

Frostedbird - pale gray tabby she-cat with blue eyes (Mother of Darkclaw's Kits - Dewkit, Yarrowkit, Leafkit)

Elders:

Smallpoppy - tiny gray she-cat, blue eyes

BreezeClan - Clan of the Rolling Meadow Hills, Neighboring the Right Sister Mountain

Leader: Stormstar - dark gray tom, blue eyes

Deputy: Clearwater - light gray-blue she-cat, gray eyes

Medicine Cat: Nightfalcon - pitch black tom with wide blue eyes (Apprentice - Lilacpaw)

Warriors:

Misteddawn - white she-car with gray accents, blue eyes

Clawfur - mangy brown tom, yellow eyes

Adderstrike - light brown tom, green eyes

Dawnflower - cream she-cat, golden eyes

Blazetail - ginger tom, green eyes (Apprentice - Jumppaw)

Aspenfrost - dark gray she-cat with white furred legs, green eyes

Twigstep - scrawny brown tom, blue eyes

Brindlefern - white she-car with brown patches, green eyes

Snowstrike - black tom with a white tuft on his chest, amber eyes

Fallensnow - lithe, light brown she-cat, blue eyes (Apprentice - Lakepaw)

Hopfur- ginger tom with gray eyes

Skyleap - pale gray she-cat, misted blue eyes

Larchwind - small white she-cat with gray wisps, blue eyes

Shrewclaw - musty brown tabby tom, amber eyes

Apprentices:

Jumppaw - bright ginger tom, green eyes (Mentor - Blazetail)

Lilacpaw - white she-cat with pale gray patches, blue eyes (Mentor - Nightfalcon)

Lakepaw - silver tabby she-cat, blue eyes (Mentor - Fallensnow)

Queens/Kits:

Sunstorm - pale ginger she-cat with green eyes (Mother of Blazetail's Kits - Eaglekit, Thrushkit, Dustkit)

Scarletfeather - dark ginger she cat with amber eyes, oldest nursery queen

Elders:

Falconsong - small brown tabby she-cat, blind amber eyes

The Outsiders (Phoenix's Gang) - The Hostile Rogue Clan that Inhabits the Marsh Outside of Clan Territories

Leader: Phoenix - large ginger tom, sharp amber eyes

Deputy: Calico - spotted brown she-cat, green eyes

Followers:

Rage - large silver tom with sharp teeth and green eyes

Silver - small silver tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Talon - brown tabby tom, yellow eyes

Ridge - dark gray tom, amber eyes

Alma - light brown tabby she-cat, green eyes (Former Kittypet)

Lynx - brown and gold tabby she-cat, green eyes

Kit Mothers/Kits:

Tawny- light caramel tabby she-cat, green eyes (Mother of Ridge's Kits - Fox, Maverick, Puma)

Prisoners:

Thatcher - golden brown tabby tom, green eyes

Exiled Cats: (Cats older than 60 moons (besides leader and family) who are either executed or exiled)

Rocky - small gray tom, yellow eyes (61 moons, Exiled)

Bridge - brown tabby tom with large green eyes (72 moons, Executed)

Blacktooth - large, pitch black tom with amber eyes (67 moons, Executed)

Georgie - ginger tabby she-cat with green eyes (65 moons, Exiled)

Zabina - dark gray she-cat with mystical blue eyes (70 moons, Executed)

Fawn - pale brown tabby she-cat, green eyes (62 moons, Exiled)

Little - tiny orange tom with green eyes (60 moons, Executed)

Barry - fat brown tom with gray eyes (77 moons, Exiled)

Smoke - black tom, green eyes (68 moons, Executed)

Prologue

On the first night of leaf-bare's rise,

When the Warriors prowl with ice in their eyes,

When the ground is coated with white,

At your nose the cold bites.

A single kit's lonesome cry

Echoed over the fields of rye

And proclaimed her sorrowful fate,

Which would hit her at moon eight.

Her mother, a cat called Wolftooth,

Strived to calm the innocent youth.

"Don't cry," she mewed,

"Oh please don't cry," her presence was clued,

But the little cat continued its wail

The call piercing through the winds of hail,

When a spirit of evil entered the grove,

It's pawsteps silent, presence unknown.

With claws of jagged rock,

Yellow eyes as strict as those of a hawk,

He prowled towards the mother

To spill the blood of yet another.

And with one swift yowl, he struck,

And the mother, well without luck,

Fell down with a scarring wail,

Her eyes black, her face pale,

And was never heard again,

Leaving the kit in the heart of the glen,

With its destiny unknown

A destiny etched to stone.

The daughter of the full moon's lover must sacrifice herself and her foretelling to the bird of fire, or hurt everything she loves...

• • •

A/N: Hey guys! So this is my first fanfiction! I tried to use a creative format for the prologue, but don't worry, the whole story won't be like this! It's short, but I hope you enjoyed! Please vote and comment your opinions/suggestions! Thanks!
~Zephyr

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 1

The sun rose bright and early that morning, and the valley forest was glistening in morning lights. A new coat freshly fallen snow blanketed the ground, and a crisp tingle blew with the wind. Delicate strands of ice dangled from the oak trees, glistening in the morning sun's light.

Wolfkit tossed and turned in her cozy moss nest, in the midst of a deep, enjoyable sleep. Rolling over, she accidentally prodded her den mate, Smokekit. The short-furred black tom shot up, his eyes defensively wild,

"Watch it, Wolfkit!" He spat, his gaze sharp, "I'm trying to sleep!" Widening her green eyes, Wolfkit winced, her ears flattening,

"Sorry, Smokekit," she whimpered, cowering backwards, "I didn't mean to," With a sigh, she curled back into a ball of gray fur.

"You should be," he huffed, turning his back to her. Slowly blinking her wide, green eyes, Wolfkit let out a long breath. Ever since Ferndapple had offered to care for her, Smokekit had been so bitter. It was as if she had stolen his mother. She did, though, feel a twinge of guilt for the tom. Ever since her mother, Wolftooth, had mysteriously been killed, leaving her motherless, she had gone under the wing of Ferndapple, Smokekit's mother. He probably despised her for just swooping in, and stealing the affection of his beloved mother. Wolfkit couldn't blame him for his obvious feelings, but she wished that he wouldn't be so harsh and bitter towards her.

Sleep did not find Wolfkit for a long while after Smokekit had disturbed her. It was as if the chilly winter winds were blowing it away from her and the nursery, keeping her solemn and awake. She tossed and turned in the mossy nest she shared with Ferndapple and Smokekit, her mind wild. Trying to catch a wink of rest, she shut her wide green eyes. Right as her eyes closed, a rush of dreams and visions raced to her mind. The chilly winter wind had ceased,

allowing the thoughts and dreams to reach her.

Wolfkit found herself in a rye field, her vision blocked by the swaying grain stalks. It seemed to be leaf-bare, but only the very beginning. A slight wind blew, and flurries of snow tumbled to the icy ground. The landscape was familiar, it seemed to only be a short while ago in time. Desperate to find other life, Wolfkit pelted through the rye field, heart racing. Soon, she reached a clear brook, water frozen in mid-tumble over the scattered stones. All of the sudden, a shriek rang out, echoing over the field. It was a fatal cry, as if a life had just been brutally ended.

"Who is that? Who's there?" Wolfkit cried out, but no one responsed. Shivering in fear, Wolfkit ran on, suddenly transported to a shadowy forest. The gray kit blinked in confusion, averting her eyes from the shadows to see if the rye field was still behind her. It was not. The large, yellow stalks had disappeared, trapping her in the dark, shadowy world she had been transported to.

"Where am I?" Wolfkit shrieked, whirling around to investigate her surroundings. In the distance, a faint light shone. In the center of the illuminated circle, stood a sandy gray shape. What it was was undefinable, but there it stood, looming over her. Dazed, Wolfkit ran in the other direction, to enter a dreamless sleep.

Soon, dawn arrived. Rays of sunlight stretched through the padded nursery walls, dappling the pelts of its inhabitants. The queens and kits all curled up closely together, exchanging warmth in efforts to decrease the power of the chilly winter air.

"Good morning, Wolfkit!" Came the soft coo of Ferndapple, the spotted gray nursery queen. Her soft mew glided through the air like silk, as thick and as sweet as fresh honey.

"Good morning," Wolfkit yawned, ruffling her tabby pelt. The small kit's mind was racing, reminding her of the awful dreams she had seen that night. A shrill mew interrupted her thoughts.

"Oh StarClan, look at your pelt!" Ferndapple's eyes widened in disgust, "You've got dirt and specks of moss all over it!" Wolfkit looked down at her mottled, gray fur. Sure enough, it was enlaced with specks of wet, green moss. It had probably gotten there as she

was tossing and turning in her sleep.

"How can a kit get their fur so messy while sleeping? Well, I guess you've found a way to do it!" She laughed, "Come here," Ferndapple drew Wolfkit towards her with her fluffy white-tipped tail, and began to lick her mangled gray pelt clean. Wolfkit purred in gratitude, glancing over at Smokekit. He was glaring at her, pelt bristled, eyes sharp. He was most obviously despising the attention Ferndapple was giving her. Wolfkit gave him a sympathetic look.

"Lovely!" Ferndapple had finished, a glow of pride in her emerald green eyes.

"Does my pelt need a grooming?" Smokekit asked eagerly, rising to his paws. He fluffed out his thin black coat for the queen to see. He looked polished and regal in the dim light of the nursery, Wolfkit couldn't help but stare. Ferndapple inspected him, her green eyes running up and down his untouched pelt,

"You look fine to me, dear." Smokekit frowned, sulking out of the nursery and into main camp. With a glance at Ferndapple, Wolfkit bounded after him, bursting through the lichen curtain that served as the nursery's entry way. She relived herself of the milky nursery air, and drank in the fresh, lively scents of main camp. Her eyes darted across the clearing to see an alive, and awake SnowClan, bustling with excitement. Lioneyes, the medicine cat, pushed his way into the fern-guarded medicine den to treat a sick patient, eager apprentices practiced battle moves, and warriors shared tongues in the snowy, sunlit clearing. Wolfkit absolutely loved seeing the commotion in her beloved clan.

"What are you doing out here?" Smokekit whirled around, interrupting her thoughts. The black tom's eyes were wide, and his teeth were tightly gritted, "You'll embarrass me in front of the apprentices!" His loud mew hit her like the winter wind. Turning to face the tom, Wolfkit scoffed,

"Why do you even care? They just think we're stupid dumb kits!" She retorted, "Why don't we play a game of mossball? I'll go back to the nursery and get Feathershade's kits!"

"No!" Smokekit hissed, "I can't let Scorchpaw see me playing mossball! He might think you and your *friends* are stupid dumb kits, but not me!"

"*Sure*," Wolfkit rolled her eyes, "you're no fun!" Just then, a sandy gray shape loomed over the two. Wolfkit froze, recalling the ghostly shape from her dream. Tightly shutting her eyes, she refused to look at it until it spoke.

"Hello, Smokekit, Wolfkit," a mocking voice mewed. Wolfkit's eyes opened, to see a large shape above her. It was Scorchpaw, his amber eyes looking down upon them with a scornful glow.

"H-Hi!" Smokekit started, flattening his ears. He quickly licked a patch of fur, making sure his coat was in pristine condition for the apprentice to see.

"Stupid kit," Scorchpaw scoffed, "you think you're cool enough to talk to me?" Aghast, Smokekit's bottom lip quivered, as he looked to Wolfkit for help. The tiny gray she-cat didn't know what to do at first. Then, it came to her.

"Leave my brother alone!" She growled bravely, baring her tiny teeth at Scorchpaw, "Don't be mean to him like that! What gives you the rights to speak to him that way?" Panting, Wolfkit puffed out her chest. Scorchpaw, a bit taken-aback, retorted,

"I'll say whatever I want to him! Understand?" Wolfkit winced, refusing to nod.

"Understand?!" He repeated, his eyes flaming fires of amber that she never wished to see.

"Y-Yes," she stammered, stepping backwards. Wolfkit burned with anger for the arrogant tom. *Why would Smokekit look up to him?* She thought to herself, *That dumb tom! He's nothing but a mouse-brained idiot!* The gray she-cat glanced at Smokekit, seeing a scared, yet relieved look on his face.

"T-thanks, Wolfkit," he stammered as the apprentice padded away. The expression on his face was unreadable, though it did portray

traces of surprise.

"No problem. We're den mates, I'll always stand up for you!" She lightly touched the tip of her nose to his ear. Wolfkit looked back at him, her eyes warm, but only greeted by a fearful glow in his.

"What's wrong?" She pressed, as the tom began to shiver in fear. The small black kit looked up, his whiskers quivering,

"Look behind you..."

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A/N: Well here you go! That's the first chapter! I hope you enjoyed it! Sorry it took so long to post, the revision was a major process! Please comment and vote for the chapter! Also, character applications (only for kits and warrior names for currents kits and apprentices) are being accepted! Have a great day! ^.^
~Zephyr

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 2

It was midday, and SnowClan cats were enjoying a breath of sun before winter clouds took over the sky. Snow-flecked cats prowled through the forest, searching for fresh kill to give to the Clan. This leaf-bare in particular was leaving few signs of other life in the forest, forcing SnowClan to resort to few frozen berries and nuts from squirrel nests. As the wind picked up, the slightly swaying trees cast a soft falsetto over the land as their icicles softly blew.

Smokekit and Wolfkit breathed a sigh of relief as Scorchpaw padded away, resting his tormenting ways. But sooner than Smokekit's eyes became jovial at the exit of Scorchpaw, his eyes darkened once again,

"Look behind you..." He whispered in urgency, as the a chilly winter wind pecked at their pelts. Wolfkit froze, her eyes widening as a familiar scent surrounded her, loomed over her.

"What's going on here?" The cats deep growl snapped Wolfkit out of her frozen trance. The meow hit her like a stone, and stabbed her heart like claws.

"Uh..." Wolfkit whirled around to see a familiar tom. He was strong, tall, and had a pelt of freshly fallen snow. He glared down at them with eyes of pure ice, as strikingly blue as a sunlit lake.

"I don't see why you should be yelling at an apprentice, Wolfkit!" It was her father, Icestorm. His glare burned into her pelt, scarring her with a thousand thorns.

"I-I'm sorry, Icestorm. But Scorchpaw was being mean to Smokekit, and I, and I..."

"And you what? Talked back?! You have no right to do that! Scorchpaw is older than you, therefore, you can't talk back to him, do you understand?!" Icestorm's mew had risen to a yowl, sparking the attention of the whole Clan. Jadeclaw and Fallowstar looked up

from their conversation to observe the commotion, and a returning patrol stopped in their tracks. Wolfkit's pelt burned with embarrassment. They were all watching her be humiliated by her own father. All of the sudden, anger rose in her throat,

"He was being mean to my brother! Am I just supposed to let him do that? He can't be the boss of us!"

"But he is!" Icestorm hissed, his pelt bristling, "You best figure out your place in this clan, you little kit." Wolfkit winced, her eyes wide. Her ears flattened as she raced back to the nursery, suppressing yowl of pain. This was her own father.

As Wolfkit entered the nursery, she was greeted with the wide eyes of Ferndapple.

"My dear, are you alright? You look very distraught!" The queen's concerned mew calmed her. Wolfkit didn't respond, shunning to groom snow from her pelt.

"Well, something is clearly the matter!" Ferndapple concluded, drawing Wolfkit closer with her tail. The tiny kit drank in the queen's warm scent of honey and milk, immediately sinking into her fluffy fur.

"There, there," cooed Ferndapple, "you're okay. You're safe with me. Now, what happened out there?" Wolfkit gazed up at her, mentally deciding upon whether she should tell her or not.

"Well, Smokekit and I were going to play mossball with Feathershade's kits, but then Scorchpaw came over, and started teasing us!" Wolfkit suppressed a wail, her tiny heart beating rapidly.

"That Scorchpaw," Feathershade chimed in, shaking her head, "he's always been trouble. I don't see why your father is so fond of him!"

"That's the problem!" Wolfkit cried, "My father then came over, and yowled at me for talking back to the apprentice! It was awful!" Wolfkit buried her face into the queen's chest, the only way to cease her yowls of inner pain.

"Oh, my dear Wolfkit," Ferndapple slowly blinked, "your father has been like that ever since you were born, ever since your mother died." The dappled silver she-cat slowly shook her head.

"You'd think he'd be all over you, as the last living memory of Wolftooth, but I don't know what's going through his mind..." All of the sudden, Icestorm burst into the nursery, his eyes blazing with fury,

"How dare you!" Her growled at Wolfkit. Feathershade gasped, shrinking back into the corner with her four kits.

"What did she do, Icestorm?" Ferndapple spat, narrowing her forest green eyes.

"How dare she go crying to you. You! You aren't even her mother! I'm her father! How dare you steal my kit!"

"I didn't steal her!" Ferndapple retorted, her eyes burning, "Wolftooth was my best friend! She asked me to take care of her! And maybe is you weren't so cruel to her, she would love you. All you've ever done is scorn her for being different, for standing up for Smokekit." Icestorm gasped, not expecting such an argument from the queen. He took a heavy breath, glaring at Wolfkit. The gray kit watched as the two argued, wishing the wouldn't waste breath over her silly little problems.

"You go, go cry to this *mother* of yours. Just know, don't come to me. I'm not good enough." Icestorm growled right at Wolfkit, stepping closer with each word.

"M-Maybe if you loved me a little bit, I would cry to you! And Ferndapple, she's given me more than you ever have or could! She isn't my real mother. But I love her." Wolfkit spat, her heart pumping faster and faster. Ferndapple gasped, in awe at the kit's cunning words.

"You little fox-heart! How d-" Icestorm began, but Wolfkit cut him off. With a wail, she pelted out of the nursery with scars that could never be healed. Scars from the words of her father.

"Wolfkit!" Came the call of Smokekit, who was arriving from a meal with a kind apprentice. Wolfkit blocked him out his mew, her tiny legs barely touching the ground as she ran. Leaving room for no distractions, she veered left towards camp exit, and pelted into the unknown forests beyond. Her mind raced with overloading thoughts, as she finally reached a small clearing in the heart of the woods.

"Wolfkit! Come back!" Smokekit's faint mew echoed through the trees, soon lost to the wind. Wolfkit shivered, yowling,

"Just leave me alone!" The tiny kit curled up in a snow bank, blinking water out of her wide, green eyes. Didn't her father love her? Didn't he care? She had just been trying to help her brother! With a silent sob, Wolfkit shivered the ice and snow out of her gray pelt, gazing up at the forest.

Large, frost coated oak trees surrounded her, as if they were guarding her little clearing. Snowbirds chirped, their lullaby soothing Wolfkit's mind. Snow and sleet swirled around her, clouding her view of the outside world. This was where no one could hurt her. This was were she was safe.

Deep inside, Wolfkit knew that she would have to get back to camp sooner or later, but for the time being, she wished to just be by herself. To think. To wonder.

The sun was setting, and with a tiny yawn, Wolfkit curled up in a clump of frosty ferns, and let the whistling wind lull her to sleep.

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A/N: Hey there! Here is the constantly requested second Chapter! Yay! I hope this isn't too much action, I just wanted to establish Wolfkit's relationship with her father early on in the story! I hope you enjoyed! Once this Chapter reaches 50 views (whole story reaches 200) I will update! Thanks for reading! Please vote and comment! Requests for characters are open!
~Zephyr ^.^

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 3

Dawn arrived slowly, in no hurry to blanket the mountains with its affectionate rays of sun. Whistling winds channeled through the valley forest, casting an eerie whisper over the wood. A burst of fresh flurries danced down from the sky, hugging the ground as the landed.

Wolfkit blinked open her emerald green eyes, welcoming the frosted forest into her view. Jumping up in dismay, the she-cat whirled around, suddenly unaware of her surroundings. The icy forest floor, the tumbling snow, swaying oak trees. Wasn't she supposed to be in the nursery? The gray kit fluffed out her fur, suddenly remembering that she had ran out there to hide from Icestorm.

"Wolfkit! Wolfkit!" A distraught yowl interrupted her thoughts. The gray kit whirled around, her eyes widening.

"Wolfkit! Where are you?" The cat's voice echoes through the trees, muffled once it reached Wolfkit's ears.

"I'm here! I'm here!" She squealed in return, jumping up and bounding over snow banks. They were looking for her! Wolfkit wound around trees, leapt over brambles, and raced through snowbanks, until she crashed into a tall object. Teetering backwards, Wolfkit raised her dizzy eyes to the figure. It was a rescue patrol, consisting of Hollysnow, Ashtail, Cloudfire, Jadeclaw, and Emberpaw. Jadeclaw glared down at her, shaking out her leg.

"Watch where you're going!" She snapped, her eyes blazing. *Not even a hello? Not even a Wolfkit it's you!* The kit thought, frowning.

"Sorry," she responded, guiltily kneading the snowy ground with her paws.

"Where have you been?!" Cloudfire hissed, lashing his tail, "We've all been worried sick! Ferndapple didn't get a wink if rest last

night!" The white tom cast a scornful glare upon her.

"Oh calm down you two," Hollysnow rolled her eyes, "What they're trying to say is that we were all very worried about you. You shouldn't run off like that." Wolfkit appreciated the she-cat's sympathy, and gave her a nod of gratitude.

"She has a point," Ashtail put in, emerging from behind Emberpaw. "You know that it causes a ruckus when a clan member is missing. We don't..."

"Know if you're hurt or not," Emberpaw finished, the apprentice's gaze soft.

"I'm sorry," Wolfkit whimpered, "Its just, I just..."

"It doesn't matter," Jadeclaw interrupted, "All we care about is that you're safe. Now let's head back to camp." With a flick of her tail, the small gray tabby lead the patrol back to camp, locking her jade green eyes on Wolfkit.

"Don't think about wandering off," Emberpaw advised, lowering her head so her eyes were level with Wolfkit's.

"I won't," Wolfkit assured her, racing to keep up with the swift warriors.

The mingled scents of SnowClan cats permeated the air as the patrol neared camp. As the six cats entered, all pairs of eyes raised from their daily activities, to see Wolfkit again.

"Oh my dear, sweet kit!" Ferndapple raced out of the nursery, her eyes ecstatic, "You scared me to death! Thank StarClan you're ok!" As Wolfkit was wrapped in the she-cat's warm embrace, she noticed a stone cold glare delivered from Icestorm. Quickly averting her eyes, Wolfkit mewed,

"I'm sorry, I just, I was just,"

"No need to explain," Ferndapple interrupted, rushing her to the nursery. Wolfkit sighed in relief, pleased that she wouldn't be in any trouble.

"Excuse me, Ferndapple. May I talk to Wolfkit for a moment?" Wolfkit whirled around, widening her eyes. A tail-length away from her stood Fallowstar, her brown tabby fur dusted with snow. A bit startled, Ferndapple nodded to her sister,

"Of course, Fallowstar. Go along, Wolfkit." The dappled gray tabby nosed Wolfkit towards her. The tiny kits heart pounded.

"Don't be afraid," Fallowstar soothed, "Come and join me in my den." Paw steps slow, Wolfkit traipsed behind the lithe tabby leader, nervous as to what was to come. Fallowstar lead her through the fern tunnel that guided the path to the leader's stone cave.

The cave was carved into the left Sister Mountain. Wolfkit recalled stories from the elders that told of an ancient river, that carved out the cave when the Old Clans made the Sister Mountains their new home. One elder had told her that the renowned Bramblestar was the first to sleep in that den after they changed ThunderClan to SnowClan. The place had always given her a fright, but inside she had always wanted to see it.

"Follow me," Fallowstar beckoned the young she-cat into the enclosed hollow. As the two entered, Wolfkit gaped at the scene before her. Inside lay a spacious are, the floor padded with spongy, dry moss. Lengths of vines tumbled down from the jagged ceiling, warming the area tremendously. In the center of the area, there was a large, feathery nest, lined with feathers from a swan. There was room enough for Fallowstar and her mate, Brambleblaze, to sleep comfortably. Next to the nest, a small patch of wet moss lay, in case the leader or her companion became thirsty.

Taking a seat next to her nest, Fallowstar began,

"Wolfkit?"

"Y-Yes..." Wolfkit stammered, quivering.

"Do you understand that what you did was wrong?" Fallowstar asked her. The leader's gaze was firm, but did portray hints of kindness towards the kit. With a deep breath, Wolfkit replied,

"I'm really, really sorry. I swear by StarClan!"

"I understand that. But do you know why it was wrong?" The tabby leader repeated herself.

"Yes. It caused the whole Clan to worry about me." Wolfkit admitted, dropping her gaze from Fallowstar to the floor.

"That it did. We had such a fright, Wolfkit! You scared us out of our minds!" The brown she-cat shook her head, and pondered for a moment. "Do you understand that this means that I will have to postpone your apprentice ceremony. I cannot take actions like this lightly." Wolfkit's eyes widened to the size of the moon.

"Postpone?! So, I'll have to wait another moon?"

"I'm afraid so," Fallowstar sighed, swishing her tail, "Being an apprentice of SnowClan is a great responsibility, and I need to appoint my most well behaved, trustworthy kits once they are six moons. I'm sorry to say that you haven't met these expectations. You will just have to wait." Still in awe, Wolfkit whispered,

"Does this mean that Smokekit's ceremony is pushed back too?" The she-cat furrowed her brow, worried for her adopted brother.

"Well, that's up to him. If he wants to go without you, he may. If he wants to have his ceremony with you, he may." Fallowstar replied, her new as confined and cool as a shallow stream.

"Ok." Wolfkit mewed, her heart sinking. There was no way that Smokekit would stay behind. He was too eager to be one of the apprentices.

"Thank you Wolfkit, that is all." Fallowstar slowly dismissed her, blinking softly. The gray kit turned around, and began to make her way back to main camp. Halfway through the tunnel, the new of Fallowstar met her ears,

"Please ask Smokekit when he would like to have his ceremony take place, and tell him to report back to me!" The tabby leaders mew echoed through the ferns.

"Of course," Wolfkit replied dully, sulking into camp. The tiny gray kits head hung, as the passed the regular camp bustle. Pushed back? She'd be the laughing stock of the Clan! Wolfkit could almost see their humored faces, and hear their mocking taunts, as she uneasily padded past her clan mates. Hopefully, Smokekit would show some kindness when she asked him.

"Hey, Smokekit?" She approached the black furred tom with caution, seeing that he was playing with Oakkit, Feathershade's oldest son.

"Yes, Wolfkit? Hold on a moment, Oakkit." Smokekit turned to face her, his yellow eyes surprisingly gentle.

"Well uh, I was just wondering..." Wolfkit anxiously kneaded the ground with her paws, "Fallowstar kinda pushed back my apprentice ceremony, and I was uh... wondering if you would stay back with me. I-It's ok if you don't..." Smokekit cocked his head, processing her words.

"Seems like a rightfully chosen punishment for such unjust actions..." He began. Wolfkit cringed, expecting the worst.

"I mean, you did run off into the forest alone, in the snow..." Smokekit was obviously stalling to make up his mind. The whole forest seemed to stop and wait with Wolfkit for his response.

"I don't know." He mewed simply, fluffing out his pelt, "I really don't want to, but you are my den mate... I'll sleep on it. Just wait until tomorrow. But don't get your hopes up." Wolfkit frowned with a sigh. She couldn't wait until the next dawn, when she would receive his answer.

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A/N: Well, here's the 3rd Chapter! What will Smokekit say?!?!?! Find out in my next update! Just a warning, it will come out sometime after January 4th, I'm going on vacation after Christmas! I hope everyone has a Merry Christmas (or had a Happy Hanukkah) and has a safe holiday! Thanks for reading my Chapter! Please vote, comment, and recommend! Can we get to 350 views for a post-

Christmas present...? We'll have to see!
~Zephyr ^.^

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 4

Wolfkit arose earlier than normal that morning, awakening to the slight chirps of birds, whistling through the forest. An amber glow bathed the forest, as a sign that new leaf was approaching. Squirrels, rabbits, and mice had retreated from their dens to restock on nuts for the new season.

The small gray she-cat blinked the morning haziness from her emerald green eyes, and observed the happenings in the nursery. Smokekit remained curled up next to Ferndapple, and Feathershade's four younger kits lingered next to her belly. The previous night, a warrior named Lilycloud had joined the nursery, upon the insistence of the medicine cat, Lioneyes, and her mate, Stormpelt. The other queens had done their best to make the young cat feel welcome, though their efforts were a waste, she was a nervous wreck. The small, gray and white frame of the new queen was barely visible, given her distance from Wolfkit. The young she-cat couldn't wait for Lilycloud's kits to arrive, but that meant waiting five moons. She'd be apprenticed by then.

After a while, the sun hung higher in the sky, and the cats of SnowClan began to stir. Wolfkit whirled around as a loud yawn drifted through the air. Feathershade's daughter, Sorrelkit, had awaken, beginning to pad towards Wolfkit. Her fluffy, tortoiseshell fur gleamed in the dewy sunlight.

"Good morning!" Sorrelkit squeaked optimistically, gazing up at Wolfkit with her wide, blue eyes.

"Hello, Sorrelkit!" Wolfkit greeted her, turning the face the tiny cat. Sorrelkit was no more than half the size of Wolfit, with eyes just as big. Her fur was soft and downy, as silky as a feather. She gave of a warm, honey-like scent, and wore a grin on her face.

"Is Smokekit awake yet?" She chirped, her eyes glowing.

"No, he's still asleep." Wolfkit glanced behind her to see a sleeping

Smokekit, his black fur rising and falling as he took deep, sleepy breaths.

"Aw foxdung!" Sorrelkit cursed, her shoulders drooping, "I wish he were awake..." *Me too...* Wolfkit thought. The entire night she had been awaiting Smokekit's response. Would he stay back with her, or would he continue? All of the sudden, Sorrelkit's shape began to fade away, and her mew became softer,

"Wolfkit... Wolfkit..." The tiny kit's voice trailed off, as Wolfkit only saw blackness. The gray kit tried to scream, but her voice caught in her throat. She began to panic, sweat bedewing her brow. The blackness gave of no scent, sight, or feel, it just whirled around her. At that moment, a hazed gleam of light shone in the corner of Wolfkit's eye. Turning swiftly, she saw a familiar glow, with a faint shape in the middle. It was a cat, a small cat. It seemed to be cowering in sadness, shivers racking its body every few seconds. The cat was in a shaded area, branches swirling above its head. It was sitting on moss, propped against a tree. Gasping in horror Wolfkit backed away from a light, shaking her head in fear. She tried and tried to scream, but the yowls her shoved down her throat, an invisible force suppressing them. The sad shape of a cat swirled around her, as the world began to reappear before her eyes...

Wolfkit blinked several times, a stunned Sorrelkit before her, along with a large, orange cat that she had little recognition of,

"A-Are you ok...?" The tortoiseshell kit stammered, stumbling backwards.

"Yes... I-I'm fine..." Wolfkit shivered, wondering why she had experienced this odd sensation again. Only four nights before had she experienced it for the first time.

"Y-You were shaking, and you fell over, I-I didn't know what to do... so I got Lioneyes..." The large orange tom dipped his head as Sorrelkit spoke his name.

"Come with me, Wolfkit," The tom mewed, his voice as deep and thick as a cloud of smoke. Lioneyes's silky mew beckoned her to follow him as he padded towards the medicine den. Glancing

behind her, she saw Sorrelkit nodding, signaling her to join him. Relunctantly, Wolfkit, trembling, padded after the large tom.

"So Wolfkit," Lioneyes began as they neared the medicine den, "What exactly happened? Sorrelkit didn't seem to give a valid explanation..."

"I just, I just, it just, There was blackness surrounding me, and I saw this light, and a sad kit was in this light, it happened a few nights ago..." Wolfkit began, her eyes widening as she reminisced the dream.

"Hmmm..." Lioneyes began, "Before we talk further, look behind you. Someone wants to speak with you." The ginger tom nodded softly, as Wolfkit turned to face Smokekit, standing patiently before her. His eyes seemed to study her stance and posture before he spoke.

"Wolfkit, I've made up my mind," Smokekit began, his gaze flickering. Wolfkit took a deep breath, her paws tingling. It was the moment she had been anticipating. "I don't want to stay back with you. I'm sorry, but I just don't think I should have to share the punishment, because I didn't make the mistake of running into the forest, alone," He mewed firmly, his Amber gaze cold and unwavering. Wolfkit gasped in awe, a lump forming in her throat. His cold response hit her like an ocean wave, crushing her, drowning her. Wolfkit gulped in a choked breath. The whole world seemed to freeze. Time seemed to stop.

"Besides, you aren't even my sister," he finished with a scowl. Lashing his tail, he awaited Wolfkit's response, but none came. His mew stabbed her right in the heart. *You aren't even my sister...* The cruel words swirled in Wolfkit's head like a whirlpool, as her confused grin began to droop into a grimace. He had been so rash, so sudden. He obviously hadn't given it careful thought. It had seemed as if he would have stayed back with her, but Wolfkit had been wrong. Smokekit had only liked her for those few days because of the occurrence with Scorchpaw. It was nothing more. In the silence, the wind regained force as if it were laughing at her; it hadn't been blowing all day.

"I..." Wolkit began, as Smokekit began to pad away. His silent pawsteps slightly disturbed the undergrowth, before he disappeared through the nursery's lichen curtain. This moment was beyond yowls. It was beyond running into the forest. This was beyond any normal sadness that Wolfkit had ever experienced. Smokekit had betrayed her love and her trust. She was plain mortified.

"Oh, Wolfkit..." Lioneyes gave her a sympathetic frown, his orange tail swishing softly, as if he were intruding. Wolfkit stood silently for a quiet moment, twisting her face into a scowl.

"Follow me, Wolfkit. We must must talk about this..." Lioneyes started from behind her, offering to guide her into the medicine den. Lip quivering, Wolfkit obliged, and followed him. Had Smokekit really just said no? Had he really just betrayed her? Lioneyes lead her through a tunnel of shrubs, each housing a certain herb store. Mingled scents drifted to her nose as they neared the main den, but Wolfkit took no time to appreciate the beauty of it.

Her pelt was hot and clammy once she entered the medicine den; not from heat, but from anger. Wolfkit planted herself near an oak tree stump, laying her tail over the overgrown roots. Lioneyes sat opposite her, his dimensional amber gaze softening,

"I know you're sad, but it will be ok," He attempted at delivering comforting words to her. Shivers rattled Wolfkit's tiny body as she suppressed wails of pain. She appreciated Lioneyes's kindness, but that was not what would heal her. For the first time, she took note of her surroundings. Tangled of oak branches swirled above her, creating a canopy of shadows. It was accompanied by a soft layer of moss, spongy beneath her paws. Taking a breath, she drank in the mixed scents of herbs, marigold, tansy, yarrow... Then it hit her. The tiny illuminated shape from her dream those few moments ago flashed into her mind. The branches... The moss... The kit...

"Are you alright?" Lioneyes's distraught mew interrupted her thoughts. Snapping back to reality, she gave her fur a slight fluff,

"Y-Yes..." Wolfkit stammered, kneading the moss below her with anxious paws. She refused to have her gaze meet Lioneyes's, she

might break down into wails.

"Can you please tell me what you dreamt about?" The orange tom requested, licking his paw silently. Wolfkit didn't respond. Her focus remained on Smokekit, and his horrid response.

"Wolfkit?" Lioneyes asked once more, "Can you please tell me about this dream?" This time, Wolfkit managed to mew,

"Well, a few sunrises ago, I was dreaming, and I saw a sandy gray shape, and it seemed mean. The morning after, Scorchpaw was being rude to Smokekit and I..." She cringed as she uttered the word *Smokekit*. Wolfkit finally raised her gaze to see a shocked and horrified expression enlacing Lioneyes's face. She paused for a brief moment, but his gentle nod urged her to continue,

"Today, I saw a sad, shivering cat, and now..." Wolfkit looked down at her shivering body, and then up at the medicine cat, fluffing out her gray fur, "I'm scared..."

"And you have every right to be," Lioneyes mewed hastily, his tail brushing away a stack of marigold. The tom's eyes were clouded over, as he gazed at Wolfkit, a sense of fear radiating off of him. *Have I done something wrong?* Wolfkit wondered, her whiskers twitching.

"It's you..." He rasped quietly, his breaths short and sharp. The orange tom's eyes seemed to be possessed with stars, as he blindly inched towards Wolfkit. Stricken with fear, the gray kit shuffled backwards.

"You are the daughter of the full moon's lo... It's you! It's been you all along..."

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A/N: Cliffhanger! Welp, here's Chapter 4! I hope you enjoyed! I know I said I wouldn't be posting, but I just couldn't resist! WARNING: I MIGHT not post until January 4th (:( )! Also, my ultimate goal is to get this book to 0.5k before my holiday break ends (January 3rd)! Please help me accomplish that! Thanks for

reading! I hope you guys had a very merry Christmas and a happy new year!

~Zephyr

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 5

The morning sun rose eerily on that first new-leaf day. Dew coated the grass and trees, casting a luminescent glow across the forest. SnowClan's camp became darker, and damper than usual, due to the absence of snow.

'It's you....'

'It's you...'

'It's you...'

Wolfkit shot up from her mossy nest, her eyes wide with fear. Ever since Lioneyes had uttered those two simple words, she had been a miserable mess. *What did it mean? Who was she?*

The gray kit fluffed out her pelt, ridding it of any excess moss from her nest. Yearning for fresh air, she burst through the nursery's lichen curtain, and into camp. Trotting out into the clearing, she saw Smokekit standing by High Stones, getting ready to become an apprentice. The sun beat down on his glossy fur, as the clan's eyes slowly drifted to him. Murmurs rippled throughout the crowd, was it the day? Is there an apprentice ceremony? Mothers gathered their kits, grumpy elders basked in the new sun, and eager warriors waited to see if they would receive an apprentice.

Shoulders dropping, Wolfkit padded over to sit next to Sorrelkit, who was sitting under a large oak, her pelt dappled with sunlight,

"Hello!" The tortoiseshell kit greeted her happily. Sorrelkit's green eyes were kind, yet enlaced with confusion, "Shouldn't you be up there? With Smokekit?" She asked innocently, tipping her head to once side. Wolfkit grimaced, sulking even lower,

"No." She admitted sourly, lashing her tail. Wolfkit wished Feathershade's youngest daughter would have never brought up the

sensitive subject, "He doesn't want me there. I'm not good enough."

"Oh," responded Sorrelkit, a bit taken aback, "I'm sorry, I didn't realize..."

"It's fine," Wolfkit shrugged her shoulders, her glaze planted to the dewy grass below her paws.

"Hi Wolfkit, Sorrelkit!" A new mew traveled to Wolfkit's ears. "How are you guys!" It was Feathershade's oldest daughter, Mistykit. Her dark gray fur shone like stars in the light of the new leaf sun, and her eyes radiated kindness onto Wolfkit and Sorrelkit,

"Hey, Wolfkit, shouldn't you be --" Mistykit's inquisitive meow was cut off by an obvious warning glance from Sorrelkit. Cocking her head in confusion, the dark gray kit stopped talking, and obediently sat, looking bashful. Wolfkit shifted away from the sisters to avoid further talk on the subject.

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, please gather below High Stones for a Clan meeting!" Fallowstar's familiar voice echoes through camp, summoning sleepy cats from their nests. Noise arose as clan cats joined the rest in the clearing, their curious mews rippling throughout camp. The small, brown leader waited until the whole clan had assembled to continue,

"We are gathered here today, to witness the apprentice ceremony of Smokekit, son of Ferndapple and Stoneclaw!" All eyes averted from Fallowstar, and resettled on the two warriors, who's eyes gleamed with pride for their son. Wolfkit's heart ached, wishing she too could be on that stone, being praised. She could just picture it, dozens of pairs of affectionate eyes, all resting on her. Congratulating her. Celebrating her.

"Smokekit, please step forward." The glossy black tom took a shaky step forward, his eyes gleaming with courage and pride. He managed to avoid looking at Wolfkit, yet meet the eyes of every other clan cat.

"Until you receive your warrior name," Fallowstar continued, "You shall be known as Smokepaw. Icestorm, please step onto High

Stones." His gaze cold, but proud, Wolfkit's father joined Fallowstar and Smokepaw on High Stones. The large white tom glared right at Wolfkit, as if he was mocking her at not being apprenticed. Wolfkit ducked her head and just looked away.

"Icestorm, you are a fierce, proud warrior, and the most loyal deputy a cat could ask for. I trust in you to pass these defining qualities down to young Smokekit, so he may too, become a celebrated SnowClan warrior." Fallowstar delicately and swiftly touched the tip of her nose to Icestorm's ear, as if she feared touching him.

"I will pass these qualities down, Fallowstar." The white tom mewed, his gaze dark. Nodding, the leader turned to Smokepaw, who's eyes were glimmering with excitement and pride, yet showed hints of nerve,

"Congratulations, young Smokepaw. I trust that we will meet here again in a few moons. May StarClan light your path." Fallowstar concluded the ceremony with dip of her head, leaving Icestorm and his apprentice on High Stones. Wolfkit gazed up at them, her pelt near bristling. A small growl escaped her lips, nearly inaudible to every other cat. *Why did Fallowstar punish me like this? Why am I hated by the world?* Wolfkit wondered to herself, slouching over.

"Hey, Wolfkit!" The shrill squeak of Mistykit interrupted her thoughts, "Do you want to go play mossball with me, Sorrelkit, Oakkit, and Dewkit? That'll get your mind off of Smokepaw." The kit's offer was good hearted, but Wolfkit had to decline, she was in no mood to play, especially with the other kits,

"No thanks," she responded, her mew coming out more sourly than she had intended. Mistykit's blue eyes widened as she let out a tiny gasp and nodded, dashing off to her siblings. Wolfkit swallowed slowly, bile rising in her throat. She cast a glare at Smokepaw, and noticed a horrific sight. Right outside of the apprentice's den, there sat Smokepaw, flanked by Scorchpaw and Pinepaw. The two toms were laughing along with the new apprentice, their gazes locked on Wolfkit. The hatred in their eyes, the mockery in their words... Hadn't Smokepaw despised Scorchpaw the other day? Wolfkit shook her head in despise.

"Wolfkit!" A yowl of some cat pricked her fur. The startling mew belonged to none other than Lioneyes, who stood behind her. His apprentice, Smallpaw, was there too, his gaze traveling across camp. He seemed to be observing every move of SnowClan, as his eyes flickered.

"Come, quickly! We must talk..." The huge, orange medicine cat's gaze was sharp, as he uttered the mysterious words.

"Talk? Talk about what..?" Leaving Wolfkit in a curious mess, Lioneyes and Smallpaw raced off to the medicine den, leaving not a hint as to what they wanted to talk about. Wolfkit cocked her head, extremely confused. Every time this moon that she and Lioneyes had 'talked', he always ended up delivering some disturbing news, leaving her unsettled for many sunrises. *Maybe it'll be different this time*, Wolfkit thought, ruffling her fur. Hastily, she padded after them, wondering what was so urgent. She had nothing better to do, and wanted anything but mossball to distract her from Smokepaw.

Ferns tickled her soft pelt as she entered the medicine den. The branches, the stones, the moss, all so familiar to her, as she took a seat across from Lioneyes and Smallpaw. The large, orange medicine cat's eyes flickered, shifting between Wolfkit and the sky.

"Wolfkit..." He began, adjusting his sitting position, and gazing into Wolfkit's eyes. The wind swirling around her seemed to cease, as the kit prepared herself for more disturbing news.

"We have received a... a prophecy..." Lioneyes murmured, his deep mew floating trough the air like smooth honey. His mew translated shifty, as his nervous whiskers twitched violently.

"A p-prophecy?" Wolfkit stuttered, narrowing her eyes. *Could this have to do with the 'it's you...' that Lioneyes keeps repeating?*
She silently pondered, shifting her weight from one paw to the other. The once cozy padding on the floor felt stiff and cold beneath her nervous paws, as a chill snaked up her spine.

"Yes..." Mewed Lioneyes, refusing to meet Wolfkit's gaze. The gray kit kneaded the mossy ground with her paws, her mind racing. Countless thoughts and visions tumbled through her brain like a

waterfall, as the day crashed upon her. She just wanted to give up, to give someone else the burden of receiving mysterious messages as a kit.

"The daughter of the full moon's lover must sacrifice herself, and her foretelling to the bird of fire, or hurt everything she loves..." Lioneyes whispered, his unblinking eyes finally resting upon Wolfkit. His eery mew sent a shiver along her pelt, bristling her fur. Much urgency and fear enlaced his amber gaze, as they glowed with the light of Silverpelt.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Wolfkit mewed, her heart thumping. Heat burned beneath her pelt, and her breaths became swift and sharp. Was she really special? Did she have a purpose?

"It was given to me by an ancient SnowClan warrior, by the name of Dawntail. But now... It all makes sense! Except for the bird of fire..." Smallpaw put in, his eyes bashful and his black and white fur ruffled, "You are the daughter of Wolftooth, and wolves cry to the full moon..." The apprentice explained, glancing at Lioneyes for help.

"And your foretelling," The ginger medicine cat assisted the apprentice, his mew echoing off of the stone walls, "You've seen at least two instances in your dreams that have lead to exact happenings in real life. The bird of fire is where I'm stumped..." Lioneyes went on talking, as if his lecture would have no affect on Wolfkit, but the gray cat was panicking. Sweat trickled through her fur, her eyes clouded over with understanding, and denial.

Full moon's lover...

Foretelling...

Bird of Fire...

"L-Lioneyes..." Wolfkit breathed, light on her paws. Her head felt dizzy, as she began to teeter around the nursery. Heat drenched her pelt, and she yearned for breath and sight. *What's happening?* Wolfkit tried to mew, but the words never escaped her lips. The brown branches swirled above her, and distant mews echoed, as her

vision pooled into blackness.

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A/N: Hey guys! Sorry for the very late update! I was on vacation for a week, and trying really hard to keep up with this book! The main reason we were on vacation was for a hockey tournament, and my brother's team won! They were undefeated, with 28 goals for, and 3 against in just 4 games! I'm so proud of them! Last year, they were in 5 tourneys, and came out with 5 silver medals! Not today! What a great start to 2016! Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter! Can we get 800 by Friday? Just maybe...
~Zephyr

DONT BE A SILENT READER! COMMENT AND VOTE! ^.^

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM IS APPRECIATED!

Chapter 6

Dawn arrived, and Wolfkit blinked her wide green eyes to welcome the view of unknown surroundings. Hazed trees bathed in light came to view, along with softly swaying grass, that tickled the pads beneath her paws. Just above her, the faint shape of a cat entered her sight.

"Don't be afraid, dear Wolfkit," The cat cooed softly, her voice wrapping Wolfkit in warmth. The she-cat began circling her, familiarizing the gray kit with her sweet, milky scent.

"Sit up, look at me with the eyes and the heart of a warrior." Advised the cat gently, as Wolfkit shakily rose to her paws. As the whole scene came into sight, she was left speechless. Star-dusted plants swayed in the warm breeze, as mingling scents of green-leaf tickled her nose. The she-cat before her was just the same, her golden cream fur flecked with stars. Soft blue eyes gazed upon her, beckoning her to come closer.

"There we go," The she-cat purred, gracefully swishing her plumy tail, "Welcome to StarClan my dear. Isn't it a sight?"

"StarClan..." Wolfkit breathed, following the she-cat's gaze to the breathtaking view. Starry birch trees dotted the ground, their roots enlaced with flower buds and blossoms. Squirrels and mice scampered about, their fuzzy tails poking in and out of secret hollows, hiding from the predator. Small birds sang with the wind, a priceless duet, harmonizing the forest.

"Yes, StarClan," The she-cat mewed, "My name is Dawntail, ever heard of me? I was SnowClan's deputy, countless seasons ago," Wolfkit's eyes lit up in recognition of the name. *I swear by StarClan Lioneyes mentioned her...* She thought slowly, glancing yet again at the mystical forest. Dawntail took a small breath, before continuing her explanation, "I fought my last battle saving my newborn kits, Dapplekit and Honeykit from a fox..." The gray kit noticed Dawntail's eyes clouded over with ghosts of the past, recalling the

heart shattering memory of her kits. Wolfkit felt a twinge of guilt for the sweet StarClan cat, and allowed her to continue.

"Honeykit, or Honeygaze, was Wolftooth's mother." In that moment, Dawntail's eyes met hers, as if she was passing along secretive information to Wolfkit. Her expression was unreadable, mingled with traces of sympathy and sorrow. Wolfkit's eyes widened,

"W-Wolftooth! My mother! Is she here? Can I see her?" The gray kit's paws tingled in excitement, as she yearned to meet the mother she never knew. It would be a new awakening, a dawn in her life. The cat she had always heard about, the fearless warrior with a gentle soul, and a kind heart. The warrior who Wolfkit never knew. This was her chance. Her chance to finally see her. Finally.

Will she like me? What does she look like? Will she recognize me? Thoughts swirled in Wolfkit's mind as she thought of her beloved mother. Suddenly can a dark thought crossed her mind,

"Wait," she mewed hesitantly, "Am I dead?"

"No my dear! Of course you're not dead!" Chuckled Dawntail, noticing Wolfkit's fear and happiness, "And I'm afraid you won't be able to see her. I'm sorry. I really am." A look of true sympathy glowed in the ancient warrior's eyes, understanding, sympathy...

"Oh..." Wolfkit sighed, her breath shaky and swift exiting her muzzle. Her heart dropped. She would have finally seen her! Finally.... Maybe...

"I'm sorry. I really am. But we're running out of time." Dawntail mewed urgently, beckoning Wolfkit forward. The gray kit noticed the once vibrant gold fur of the ancient warrior was becoming more faded with every passing moment.

"I assume that Lioneyes has informed you of the prophecy?" Inquired Dawntail, beginning to trot through a forest path. Wolfkit raced to catch up,

"Yeah. He did. I-I was kind of confused," The gray kit admitted, finally stepping into pace with Dawntail, the thought of Wolftooth

still lingering in her mind.

"That's alright. You can't interpret a prophecy the first time you hear it. Now, listen closely." The golden warrior stopped walking, and crouched to meet the eyes of Wolfkit. Dawntail's eyes were soft, yet knowledge and curiosity flickered beneath the golden pools of kindness.

"You have a special, special power. One that can be very useful, but very dangerous." Dawntail's eyes narrowed, as her face molded to a stern expression, "You have the power to see the future." The gray kit's eyes widened. The future... Her tiny heart thumped as heat began to rise beneath her fur. Wolfkit took a slow, shaky breath, trying to collect herself, *What would it mean? What did she have to do? How would she control it?*

"I know it's hard to take in, but it's the truth." Dawntail's pelt was growing paler and paler. "You must beware of who you tell, you never know how they could use you..." The sweet cat's voice finally trailed off, and Wolfkit returned to a haunting world of blackness.

* * *

What seemed like a lifetime later, Wolfkit found herself back in the medicine den. The revival of sight and smell bathed her in delight, as she struggled to examine her surroundings. As she tried, the sun blotched out her vision, and a fuzzed shape loomed over her.

"Is she alright?" A voice fretted, its mew harboring fear and regret. It gave her chills to hear voices of the unknown above her.

"Yes. She's fine. Presumably she's had a dream sequence, so she'll be a tad sensitive when she stirs." Another voice answered, this time a deeper tone.

"H-Hello..." Wolfkit rasped, straining to identify the voices.

"Look! Look! She's waking up! She's alive!" The first cat lowered its head towards Wolfkit, while the second let out an exasperated sigh.

"It's me, Ferndapple! Can you hear me? Can you speak? Are you alright?" Blinking away the sunlight, Wolfkit finally distinguished

the familiar silver tabby.

"Y-Yes..." She croaked, curling towards the she-cat, embracing her warmth. As she nuzzled the queen, her eyes darted around the den for any traces of Dawntail, or any star flecked plants.

"Oh I'm so relieved! What happened?" Ferndapple ran her tongue across Wolfkit's fur, before she replied,

"I spoke to StarClan."

• • •

A/N: Hey guys! I'm so sorry that I haven't updated in like a week! I've had sooooo much going on, and I've been a little stressed. Sorry for the short chapter, but I hope you enjoyed! Please, please, please comment and vote! Thanks for reading! ~Zephyr

Chapter 7

I just wanted to say thank you guys so much for 1. 1 5k views on Allegiances through Chap 6!!!!! Wow! I'm so so so happy! Thanks so so much!

"S-StarClan?!" Ferndapple's voice shattered like fallen ice as her curious green eyes met Wolfkit's.

"Y-Yes..." The kits eyes fell, gazing at the dirt and moss beneath her paws. Lioneyes stepped forward, shooing Ferndapple from the medicine den.

"I need to talk to her about this... Alone..." He told her, hastily pushing her out. The large tom's bright orange eyes darted around the den, while he shoved Ferndapple out. Wolfkit shivered as the silver she-cat's tail disappeared around the corner of the medicine den. She and Lioneyes were alone.

"Oh... I... Ok..." Ferndapple's mew echoed through the fern tunnel. Her scent finally faded as she emerged into the clearing. Wolfkit tensed.

Lioneyes's gaze slowly traveled to Wolfkit, suspicion flickering under a glow of sympathy.

"What did you see?" He asked her, his deep voice portraying intrigue and interest. The tiny gray kit thought for a moment, slowly kneading at the pre-jumbled moss beneath her paws.

"W-Well..." She began, her voice wavering, "I saw a... a forest. There were stars everywhere! I saw plants, and trees, and animals..."

"Ok... Get to the point." Lioneyes hurried her along, itching to hear the depth of the story. Wolfkit swallowed,

"I was met by an ancient SnowClan warrior. I think her name was Dawntail or something..." Lioneyes lit up,

"Dawntail? She delivered the prophecy to me! Now, continue,"

"She told me that I could see the future. That I had a special power..." Wolfkit paused, reading Lioneyes' expression. He sat just opposite of her, his fur mangled and his eyes sharp. His whiskers twitched slowly, as his eyes darted up and down the kit. But Wolfkit could sense a feeling of fear enlaced in his warm scent.

"And that I had to be careful who I told, because they could use it against me." The kit finished, expectantly gazing up at Lioneyes. The tom began breathing heavily.

"I see..." He mewed, "What a wise cat, Dawntail. But Wolfkit, you must be apprenticed immediately. To a cat we can trust, a cat that can help you control it."

"Apprenticed?" Wolfkit grinned happily. Finally, she could be with Smokepaw, and learn the ways of a warrior. Her tiny heart thumped, and her eyes glowed.

"I'm going to talk to Fallowstar, you must be apprenticed today. Go clean up." Lioneyes shooed her out of the den just as he had Ferndapple, shoving her into the den's protective plants.

"Ouch!" Wolfkit squeaked, as a bramble traced across her pelt.

"You'll be fine," Lioneyes assured, racing off the Fallowstar's concealed den. Wolfkit wondered what she would make of it.

* * *

"Ferndapple! Ferndapple!" Wolfkit darted across the clearing towards the medicine den, trampling the fresh kill pile as she went.

"Watch where you're going!" Hissed Jadeclaw, who was sharing a vole with her younger brother Whitewhisker. The purely white tom grinned kindly at Wolfkit, his blue eyes warm and soft. He seemed to frown upon Jadeclaw's boldness. The gray kit quickly returned the gesture, before she ran into the nursery's entrance.

"Ferndapple!" She yowled, nearly knocking over the silver tabby. Startled Ferndapple yowled,

"My goodness, Wolfkit! What seems to be the trouble?" The queen's kind mew barely escaped her muzzle before Wolfkit mewed,

"I'm going to be apprenticed! Today! Lioneyes said so!" She bounced up and down on the padded moss floor, the spongy plant cushioning her paws if she fell. Ferndapple grinned,

"That's wonderful!" She purred, a hint of sadness enlacing her jubilant green gaze, "I'm so very proud of you. But we must get you cleaned up, your pelt is a mess!" As if she was a hunting cat pouncing on prey, Ferndapple pounced on Wolfkit, beginning to groom her pelt.

"Stop it! Stop!" Giggled the gray kit, her gray pelt cleaner by the second. She purred as Ferndapple drew her tongue between her ears, affectionately cleaning her adopted daughter.

"There!" Ferndapple decided, admiring Wolfkit from ear to tail. The gray kit felt cleaner, her pelt was no longer mottled and dirty, and all of her fur was going in the same direction.

"That will do just perfectly!" Ferndapple began to nod her out of the nursery, "Why don't you see what Lioneyes and Fallowstar are up to." With a quick grin, Wolfkit raced out of the den, careful not the catch her pelt on any loose brambles.

The sun seemed to shine brighter, and the birds seemed to chirp louder as a gleeful Wolfkit pounced through camp, searching for the distinguishable orange medicine cat. Her mind was racing, *I'm going to be apprenticed! Today!*

Lioneyes appeared to be talking in a hushed mew to Fallowstar, his eyes suspiciously darting around the clearing. Fallowstar nodded every few phrases, smiling when she saw Wolfkit. *They're probably talking about me*, The gray kit thought, padding towards them.

"Hello, dear," the small tabby leader greeted her, her amber eyes flashing.

"Hi," Wolfkit mewed nervously, swishing her tail through the cool breeze.

"Do you think you are ready to become an apprentice?" Fallowstar asked, her mew emotionless. *Why is she asking such mouse-brained questions*? Wolfkit thought, *Of course I'm ready!*

"Yes, of course I'm ready!" The kit mewed excitedly, thinking back to the time when Smokepaw was apprenticed. Heat rose beneath her pelt as she thought of his cold green eyes, the way he flaunted his shiny pelt. The way he looked up at Icestorm with pride and determination, as the whole clan stood still, only the wind speaking. The way all eyes fell upon him. What he had left her behind for...

"Wolfkit?" Fallowstar's concerned mew snapped her out of her trance. To her embarrassment, she realized she was shivering, and teetering on her paws. Quickly collecting herself, Wolfkit bashfully licked one paw,

"Oh, uh... Sorry!" The gray kit's wide green eyes flickered across Fallowstar's face, attempting to identify her expression. Was she ready to let her become an apprentice? Running into the forest had been a fault, but the gray kit thought that Fallowstar would be able to see past it. The tabby leader was only chuckling at Wolfkit's embarrassment, with a lighthearted glow,

"Well my dear, you seem to have gotten way to large for the nursery," Fallowstar's eyes renewed the youthful glimmer they normally possessed, and her expression gentled. "I think you are ready."

"Really?!" Wolfkit exclaimed, her eyes lighting up. Finally, she would be able to roam the forest as a warrior apprentice. Finally, she would be able to see the sights! Her eyes traveled to the small hollow elder fir log that housed the apprentices. It seemed to be calling her, a warm, mossy nest, just waiting for her to trample over.

Wolfkit gazed out over the Clan camp, and prepared for a new dawn in her life - apprenticeship.

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A/N: Hey guys! So sorry for the lack of updates... I had

midterms, essays, 3 feet of snow…. So yeah! Things were a bit stressful! I just wanted to say thank you guys so much for over 1k on my first 6 chapters! I am so proud and overjoyed to know that you guys care about my book! Is it good? Be honest! Thanks for reading! Check back for updates soon! Who ships WolfXWhite… ~Zeph

Chapter 8

I just wanted to quickly say, THANK YOU guys so so much for 11.7k+ views on Allegiances-Chapter 7! I hope you enjoy this anticipated Chapter, and I apologize for the hiatus...

A delicate ray of sun seemed to stretch just upon Wolfkit, as the triumphant gray cat gazed over her Clan's camp. Excitement tingled at her paws, nearly vibrating the moss beneath as she exchanged excited glances with her Clanmates. Even Jadeclaw, in her stern ways returned a grin to Wolfkit as she returned from an early patrol. She would walk among them soon, as a warrior apprentice. Wolfkit's pelt stirred in the wind, and her gaze traveled away from camp, and towards the unexplored forest. Her eyes flickered, darting across the countless dewy leaves and bushes blocking her view of the mountains. She could hardly wait to scamper through the endless undergrowth, learning the ways of her clan and maybe soon, teaching someone else.

As midday fog settled, and Wolfkit's vision cleared, a luminous glow began to wind its way through the towering oaks, casting flashes of light over the brown bark. The gray kit craned her neck, and took a few paw steps forward, curiosity nudging her towards the light. She didn't know whether to be frightened or comforted by the light, for it possessed such mystery, but such comfort. At last, a glittering, lean figure came into view, curling around a thick tree trunk. It seemed to be a cat, with star dusted gray fur, and forest green eyes like Wolfkit's, that seemed to sparkle with the same mischievous glow. The cat seemed to call out to her, voiceless, but clear with

meaning.

"M...Mother...?" Wolfkit's eyes widened, as she began to remember, the same green-gazed she-cat, who had protected her on the fateful night of her death. Now it was clear. How could she have forgotten the sweet, comforting scent, the lovely eyes...

"Wolftooth! Wolftooth!" Wolfkit began to cry out, racing towards the cat, nearly tripping over herself as her oversized paws thundered over fallen leaves. She desperately reached out for her, yearning for the real mother she never had, but an unseen force seemed to block her. Try she did, but her heart and mind stopped her from moving. Letting out a whimper, she watched for Wolftooth, to see if she would say anything to her. The cat's lips didn't move, but there was no need for them to. Her eyes were all Wolfkit needed to see. Moons of compassion, love, and loyalty flooded Wolftooth's forest green gaze as her eyes burned into Wolfkit's. An unspoken cry of adoration, lost to the paws of the unknown cat from the prophecy, the thief of Wolftooth's life...

"Wolfkit!" The loud mewl of a concerned cat behind her snapped her out of her longing and comforting trance. Whirling around, she caught sight of Pinepaw, a young apprentice with a look of concern reflecting in his amber gaze.

"Oh... I..." Wolfkit stammered bashfully, quickly angling her eyes to the dusted soil beneath her paws, "Just a daydream I guess..." She blinked up at him deeply embarrassed that someone had caught her within her trance.

"Be careful," Pinepaw nodded thoughtfully, "You nearly rammed into that oak tree." With his tail he gestured to a thick trunked oak looming overhead, it's branches serving as a canopy over the camp's entrance.

"Oh... Thanks..." Wolfkit's eyes flashed up at Pinepaw before he chuckled softly, and padded away. Her heart thumping swiftly, she watched him walk away.

"Why do I feel so warm..." She murmured to herself, taking in deep breaths of the crisp air around her. Grinning to herself, she made

her way back to the center of camp, puffing out her chest and holding her chin high. This was her moment. Gazing across the clearing, she noticed that Fallowstar sat calmly, her gaze resting upon Wolfkit. I tingle buzzed in her paws as she pranced over to High Stones, anticipation edging her along.

"Congrats, Wolfkit. I heard the news." Swirling around, Wolfkit met the gaze of Smokepaw, his amber eyes gazing down on her. Narrowing her eyes, Wolfkit nodded.

"Yep. I'm going to be an apprentice just like you, Smokepaw." Nodding firmly, she trotted away, wanting nothing to do with the betraying tom on her big day. Suddenly, the booming face of Fallowstar echoed over the clearing,

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, please gather below High Stones!" The small tabby's bellow cued all of the bobbing warrior heads turn towards her, their ears pricked inquisitively. Almost robotically, the warriors gathered beneath the sacred mound of stones, murmuring to one another and flickering their gazes at Wolfkit.

"We have gathered here today," Fallowstar continued, "to witness the apprentice ceremony of our own beloved Wolfkit." Cheers erupted from the crowd as Wolfkit bounced her tiny body up the stepping stones to stand beside Fallowstar. As she gazed across the sea of clanmates before her, she realized that she had never been up so high before. The soft breeze ruffled her neatly groomed pelt as she gazed in wonder over the vastness of the forest within her gaze. It was fascinating.

"Wolfkit," Fallowstar addressed the mesmerized kit, who quickly snapped it of her trance, "please step forward." Wolfkit nodded excitedly, padding forward and closer to Fallowstar.

"You will be apprenticed to Ashtail, a strong and able warrior who I believe will be suitable to guide you along your path as an apprentice if SnowClan. Ashtail, please join us on High Stones." Wolfkit grinned happily, suppressing the urge to bounce up and down in excitement. A few tail length's below her, Ashtail rose proudly, nodding up to Wolfkit as he agilely leapt up to join them.

As her new mentor blinked down at her, Wolfkit noticed out of the corner of her eye that Fallowstar and Lioneyes exchanged a glance with each other. She was unable to accurately read their emotions, but trusted that they had consulted with each other before choosing Ashtail.

"Wolfkit, from this moment on you shall be known as Wolfpaw, an apprentice of SnowClan. May StarClan light your path." Fallowstar dipped her head fondly, glancing up at Ashtail quickly before signaling with a flick of her tail that the meeting had concluded. Wolfpaw shoved the confusion concerning Lioneyes, Ashtail, and Fallowstar to the back of her mind and gazed up at her new mentor, her eyes wide with excitement.

"I'm so excited to learn everything there is to know! I want to hunt, fight, fish..."

"Slow down there..." Ashtail chuckled, taking a seat and gazing warmly at the excited apprentice. "We will be learning all of those things, but you, Wolfpaw, will be given special training. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, but you must get some rest." Nodding kindly, the warrior turned sharply and padded away, his sleek and toned muscles rippling beneath his gray flecked pelt. Puzzled, Wolfpaw watched him pad all the way to the warriors den, and wondered what he meant by 'special training'. *Does it have something to do with Lioneyes's prophecy?* She wondered to herself, slowly descending High Stones. Below, she caught a glimpse of Icestorm's striking white pelt as he disappeared into the warrior's den. Somewhere inside, she longed for him to come up to her, and congratulate her on finally becoming an apprentice, but it was soon overcome by an incurable resentment for him that made her want nothing to do with the selfish. Ferndapple was all she needed.

"Darling!" The familiar voice permeated the air like sweet honey as Ferndapple jubilantly padded over to Wolfpaw. "Dearest, I am beyond proud of you! I can't believe you're finally an apprentice." Her eyes glowed affectionately as she licked Wolfpaw's ear, who was beaming up at her. "Wolftooth would have been so proud of you."

"Thanks, Ferndapple," Wolfpaw purred, as her gaze shifted to the

slowly starring sky above. For a moment, she wondered if Wolftooth was watching her, and if she really was proud of her misfit kit. All she wished for in that moment was to be able to nuzzle in her fur, and share a tender moment with her beloved lost mother. It was a bond that Ferndapple could never quite fill, but did an excellent job of trying to do so.

"Congratulations, Wolfpaw!" The strong, but gentle voice of Pinepaw met her ears as she turned away from Ferndapple. Flanked along the sides of the black and gray tom cat were Scorchpaw and Smokepaw who nodded in agreement. Wolfpaw could tell that Smokepaw felt a tad uncomfortable, for he had chosen not to stay back with her.

"Follow us," Pinepaw urged, signaling with his nose to the Apprentice's Den, "we'll show you where to make a nest." Nodding gratefully, Wolfpaw followed the three apprentice's towards their den. It looked to be warm and cozy, tucked under a hollowed tree. The entrance was at the base of the large oak, and was covered with soft and protective moss. She follwed the three inside, and it proved to be just as she imagined. Within the dark and cozy hollow, light just stretched through the opening the dimly illuminate the soft moss nests that dotted the area. Scattered across the softly padded ground were torn up and used mossballs that had clearly been used recently.

"Here, Wolfpaw," Pinepaw gestured to an empty area in the corner of the den, "I'll help you make your nest right here." Scorchpaw snickered as Pinepaw padded towards her.

"Someone's growing fond of Wolfpaw..." He grinned tauntingly as he and Smokekit began to chuckle. Pinepaw's ears flattened in embarrassment,

"I... Uh... I'll leave you to make your nest..." Scampering away, the bashful Pinepaw rejoined his teasing friends, leaving Wolfpaw standing there prodding a pile of moss, her heart nearly beating out of her chest. She thought Pinepaw's efforts were sweet, and inwardly admired the tom.

After a few moments of clumping and spreading dry moss along the

den floor with her paws, Wolfpaw was finally satisfied with her product. As she lay down and curled her tail around her small body, she felt a wave of exhaustion wash over her. She had done it. She was finally an apprentice.

Though tired, a foreign uneasiness pricked at her pelt. Gazing around the sleepy den, she saw nothing dangerous, but her heart still thumped nervously. Someone was watching her.

~ ~ ~

A/N: Hello everyone! My deepest apologies for the lengthy hiatus, but I'm back now with this new update! I hope you enjoy it, and I'm so sorry to leave a cliffhanger! Life has been quite stressful lately as life can be, but I want to assure you that I will remain as active as possible for you guys. Also, I would very much appreciate it if you guys maybe gave me a shoutout, or mentioned me in one of your books because I want to regain the amount of readers I had before and get this book up and running again.

Also just curious... Would you guys be interested in reading the historical fiction novel I wrote over the course of this school year? If so, comment below! Love always!

~Zephyr

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Chapter 9

Hey guys! Quick question: I am working on a science-fiction novel unrelated to Warriors... should I post it on here or on a more personal and professional account? AND THANKS FOR 12.2K!!!!

The morning of Wolfpaw's first day as an apprentice, the sun barely stretched through the clouds that gathered above. Soft, gray puffs in the sky, shadowing over the Sister Mountains and their valley like a thicket of branches. A soft wind howled through the trees, tree limbs shivering as it past. Every cat couldn't help but shudder from the crisp chill it brought the air.

Wolfpaw arose early that day, excitement nipping at her paws. She couldn't wait to see what Ashtail had in store for her. From time to time, she had heard her clanmates say things about him, like "he's different", "he's special"; but she had never truly understood what they meant by it. She had tried to ask Ferndapple once, but she had responded with a bite to her tone saying that the cats didn't discuss it anymore, and that she should put it out of her mind. No matter how many times she had said that, Wolfpaw had always remained curious.

Around her, the other apprentices slept soundly, their flanks rising and falling softly. It was peaceful; more peaceful than the nursery had ever been. For a moment, she enjoyed the silence, her gaze fluttering across all of her new denmates.

"Wolfpaw... Psst!" A hushed voice came from outside of the den, it's time giving hints of excitement and anticipation. Confused, Wolfpaw drowsily stood up and made her way to the entrance of the den. Poking her head out, she saw that it was none other than Ashtail who had called her.

"Good morning." Ashtail meowed monotonously, backing up a bit as Wolfpaw stepped into the morning haze.

"Good morning..." She yawned, crouching into a rejuvenating stretch. "Why are we up so early?"

"How do you expect to be the best apprentice and prophecy holder the Clan has if you're as lazy as a water vole in winter?" Ashtail tipped his head sternly, "Follow me, we must leave camp before any of the others awaken." Her mentor instructed, beginning to pad towards the camp entrance. As she followed, Wolfpaw frowned. *It's only our first day and he's already bitter with me!* She thought to herself, sighing heavily. *Is he so stern with me because I was held back from apprenticeship?*

"Wolfpaw," Ashtail began as they reached the exit of camp, "I will not be teaching you what the other apprentices are learning today. You will not learn the hunter's crouch. You will not be learning the belly rake. I am taking you to a place few cats besides you and I have been to before. A place unknown to the rest of our Clan." Eyes wide with wonder, Wolfpaw quickened her pace to keep up, her curiosity spiking.

"Why have the others not been there before?" She asked, her tiny paw steps hardly keeping up with his long strides.

"Because, Wolfpaw, they aren't like you and I. You and I are special. We have gifts that the others can hardly dream of having." Ashtail's gaze softened as he continued, looking fondly at Wolfpaw. "As your mentor, it will be my job to teach you how to use and control your gift in all of the right ways..."

"Will I ever learn the hunter's crouch and the belly rake?"

"In time, yes," Ashtail mewed, his pace quickening with each stride, "but for now, we must focus on your gift." Wolfpaw, intrigued, wound through the trees alongside her mentor, desperately wondering what lay in store for her.

"Here we are..." Ashtail mewed, stepping through a tumbling lichen curtain that fell before him. Awestruck, Wolfpaw followed him, the soft lichen tickling her skin as she passed through. Beyond the curtain was a sight that Wolfpaw found rather disappointing. In front of her was the simple entrance to a cave, tucked away under

protective moss that padded the entire area. In confusion she glanced at Ashtail, for she had been expecting more.

"The outside is underwhelming, isn't it," Ashtail nodded back to Wolfpaw, "but that's just to shy other cats away if they happened to stumble on this. It's a protection tactic. I bet you didn't notice that there is another cat here with us..." As Ashtail spoke, Wolfpaw pounced backwards in fear.

"Who's there?" She mewled, glancing at Ashtail who was smirking back at her, unimpressed. "Ashtail, who is it?" Relaxing her frame a bit, the faint shape of a pale colored she-cat came into view. Her soft pelt was splotched with black, and her hazel irises glowed in the morning sun rays.

"Hello, Wolfpaw," The she-cat purred, her gaze sweet and her voice trailing through the air as if laced with honey.

"Hollysnow?" Wolfpaw socked her gray-furred head in confusion as she shifted her gaze from Hollysnow to Ashtail. The SnowClan warrior was now standing in front of them, and calmly sat down at the cave's entrance.

"Yes, it's me," She mewed crouching into a long-limbed stretch and letting out an exhausted yawn. Hollysnow's fur was slightly mottled from crouching in the undergrowth for so long, and her gaze reflected fatigue; but the she-cat was prepared and awake to execute her duties.

"Hollysnow and I alternate shifts of who protects the cave, which we call Starcave, every day and night. She takes the day shifts, and I take the night shifts. That's why I woke you up so early this morning; we were switching shifts." Ashtail gazed fondly at Hollysnow, flicking his tail back and forth behind him.

"Oh, I understand," Wolfpaw mewed, silently noticing how fondly the two looked at each other. Suppressing a giggle, the apprentice swished her tail and asked, "Will we be going into the cave?"

"Oh, uh, yes!" Ashtail chuckled with embarrassment, Hollysnow rolling her eyes affectionately. "Follow me, Wolfpaw. This is the

splendor that you were expecting." Her mentor began to walk with swift strokes, ducking into the hollowed stone entrance. With excitement and anticipation pricking at her paws, Wolfpaw followed, immediately being swallowed in by the blackness of the cave. Blindly she padded, her ears the only sense she could efficiently use to find her way, tracking Ashtail's quick movements with every sound he made. Beneath her feet the stone and dirt were chilling, almost feeling wet it was so frigid. Around her, tiny droplets of water fell from the ceiling, making a faint pitter-patter on the solid ground that echoed all around her. They ventured deeper still, and no 'splendor' was in sight. Fear began to get the best of Wolfpaw, and the hairs of the back of her pelt bristled in defense.

"Don't be scared," Ashtail mewed gently, his voice harboring a kinder tone than before, "we're almost there." Wolfpaw widened her eyes in confusion, how could Ashtail know she was scared in the pitch black?

"Wait... how did you..?" Ashtail chuckled as she sputtered in confusion.

"That's a story for another day. Today, we focus on you and your gift. Just up this turn..." Ashtail swept around a sharp corner in the cave's interior, making sure to let Wolfpaw know with a swish of his gray tail. Hastily following her mentor, Wolfpaw began to bounce in excitement. The 'splendor' that Ashtail had been describing was just around the corner.

"Great StarClan..." She breathed, her eyes widening as the sight if the heart of the cave met her curious green irises. They had reached the innermost depths of the cave, and lining the walls were large, spiked crystals that reflected the glistening light of the remaining stars in the sky around the cave. Each crystal was unique from it's neighbor, their curves and crevices shaping the crystals' outer appearance. They were as multitudinous as the trees of the Sister Mountains' valley, and would certainly captivate the eyes of any on-looker. As Wolfpaw gazed in wonder, she felt a lap of water wash over her small paws. Jumping in surprise, she glanced up to notice that not only was the cave filled with crystals, but a small stream tumbling over loose limestone was filling a large area of the cave

with a clear, warm pool; the surface of the water shimmering in the iridescence that the crystals reflected. Wondering where the starlight came from, she glanced upwards, and found that a small hole was gaping in the ceiling of the cave, allowing a glimmer of starlight to cluster inside. It was as if a great StarClan warrior had placed a piece of the Silverpelt inside of the cave, sharing it's starry grandeur to all who entered.

"This is where you will be spending most of your training," Ashtail purred, he too compelled by the beauty of the clearing so familiar to him. "I thought I would allow you to become familiar with it before we really start to train." Crouching to his underbelly, Ashtail gently touched his nose to the flow of the stream, his expression immediately softening. He appeared to be asleep, but the subtle movements of his ears signaled to Wolfpaw the he was awake, but she had no idea what he was experiencing. Mirroring her mentor, Wolfpaw did the same, and gently touched her nose to the warm, mysterious starry pool...

* * *

A/N: I hope you enjoyed the introduction to Wolfpaw's training! She will be taking a unique journey, that's all that I can say. Just a heads up; I have finals next week, graduation, and I'm going to the beach, so I will try as hard as possible to give you a few chapters, but if I can't, please don't be mad >.< Love you all and I hope you enjoyed!

~Zeph

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